

T H E
W O R K S
O F
JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D: D. S. P. D.

W I T H
NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

B Y
J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.
A N D O T H E R S.

V O L. XVIII.

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DEAN SWIFT'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER DCCVI.

TO BISHOP HORTE.*.

MY LORD,

May 12. 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your Lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of your's, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who suffered so much upon your Lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; besides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and besides the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For your Lordship's declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did, at my request, search his shop, and unfortunately found it: And although he had absolutely refused before to print it; because my

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A

name,

* Dr Josiah Horte, Bishop of Kilmore.

name, as the author, was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: But your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your Lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss. Indeed, my Lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings a piece, and is a gainer by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as it was the case of that very paper: Which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettefworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordship's commands to me. But, as your Lordship hath since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance, whom

whom I see at home or abroad : And particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars ; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my Lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life ; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your Lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings : And, if you shall please, or recompence him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character : For which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends ; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your Lordship hath too good an understanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent suf-

ferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those, where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: Because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude, with assuring your Lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordship's credit and service: Because I am, with great truth,

Your Lordship's most, &c.

L E T T E R DCCVII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Cabin, (for the V consonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clergy,

clergy, who never offended them: And in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church*; but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools as popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000 l. a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold, two and a half *per cent*. He will be a better (that is to say, a worse) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to say, worse) by above half a million; besides the worthy method he hath taken in a disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the legion-club. It is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honest man never wished himself to be younger. My sentiment, I find, ought not to have been universal, because, to my sorrow, I have seen, since the death of the late

A 3

Queen,

* Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, for the school of Cavan.

Queen, (who had few equals before her in every virtue, since monarchy began), so great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common sense, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete history of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the smallest letter in the largest paper. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia. — Mrs Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

I AM most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day: When I waited on him, he received me with great good humour; said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction,

* Fairbrother See. the last letter, and the subsequent part of this.

distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice; and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her. This is all that sticks with me. But, considering the friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own, and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expence of giving three shillings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of your's and mine like a rogue; which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs Donaldson * will let me know what I owe her, not in justice, but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: It is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with
servants

* An inn-keeper at Cavan.

servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr R——, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbet. Pray God preserve you. I am &c.

L E T T E R DCCVIII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 3. 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My Lord Oxford told me last winter, that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome law-suit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This
rascal

rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: He told a dismal story of the surgeon, and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent councils of our friend Mr L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand-jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against John Ford, without any other addition. To shew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter-sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I could not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the fault, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed

committed him to the Gate-house, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand-jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terrour of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c. and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentleman, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus, this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the House of Commons this session. Towards the end, indeed they found a little time to shew their good will to the church. It is the
general

CORRESPONDENCE. 11

general opinion, that the act for repealing the test would have passed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, Lord Bathurst's two sons. In the House of Lords, next to the Duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurst, and Lord Carteret, have shewn most rancour against ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most intirely your's, &c.

L E T T E R DCCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 3. 1736.

MR Lucas is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr ——— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs ——— will be relieved. I must set out soon for

for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in your health; and you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish't,
 My money diminish't;
 But when you come down,
 I'll hold you a crown
 You'll soon make me rich,
 Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things before-hand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is an hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the King's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breems here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Dr Walmfley
 writes

writes me word by last post that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my Lord Orrery would only mention me to the Lord Primate, it would do. I know my Lord Chancellor is so well inclined towards me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a-year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the Czarina, Kouli Kan, and the Emporor will over-run Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next it will be so altered. Pray what says goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.

And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

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B

LETTER

LETTER DCCX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 5. 1726

I Am so tormented, and have been for eight days, with the p—s, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I think they begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the Legion Club. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great: and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer-parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs, (for lamb will be in season a month longer), geese, turkeys, &c. My hens are hatching, my house

is

is thatching, my geese a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threshing, my sheep a washing, my turf a drawing, my timber sawing, my gravel-walk raking, my rolling-stone making, my ale a brewing, myself a stewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughters reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kouli Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr Towers has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and chuse, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both by the help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming; she swears by all the dirt about her, which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel-walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last

you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money; but that is neither here nor there. Mr Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

L E T T E R DCCXI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter; because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the Legion Club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a Legion Club; for I hear there are fifty different copies: But what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regularly in your life; and therefore when you write to me always take care to have the piles, I mean any piles *, except those of lime and stone; and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you; though I shall never have you
in

* The author held puns in contempt, but would sometimes make himself merry with them.

in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening ;
 at all other times I shall be pestered with you.
 John R—— (for he does not deserve the name
 of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country-seat
 for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10l.
 odd ; for I thought your first was double : Or
 is it an additional one ? When you satisfy me,
 I will send down to him with a vengeance ; al-
 though except that damned vice of avarice, he
 is a very agreeable man.—— As to your veni-
 son, vain is one who expects it. I am checking
 you for your chickens, and could lamb you for
 your lambs. *Addenda quadam.*

My wife a rattling,
 My children a tattling,
 My money spent is,
 And due my rent is.
 My school decreasing,
 My income ceasing.
 All people tease me,
 But no man pays me,
 My Worship is bit,
 By that rogue Nisbit.
 To take the right way,
 Consult friend Whiteway.
 Would you get still more ?
 Go flatter Kilmore *.
 Your geese are old,
 Your wife a scold.
 You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
 You never have an old friend at Cavan.

B 3

Mrs.

* Dr Josiah Horte, then Bishop of Kilmore.

Mrs Whiteway is ever your friend; but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a no summer as this. I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to shew my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden-improvements; for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exercise can give), you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

L E T T E R DCCXII.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

June 15. 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, that I never proposed any one thing to his Grace wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyship from

from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men: Two of them are parsons, (as you Whigs call them), another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish: But he hath four children. He only wants some little addition of 100 l. a-year: For he hath laid out 800 l. to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave, and we cannot spare him. He hath lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a most deserving person. His Grace hath now an opportunity to serve him. One Mr Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of small value: It was a hedge-deanry; (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean), we have many of them in Ireland: But as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanry of Cloyne:
He

He is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr Berkeley. I have reasons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore if he will not consent to give this poor deanry to Mr John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your Ladyship to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with forty-five thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about, for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,

MADAM, your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

obliged humble servant.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXIII.

LADY B — G — TO DR SWIFT.

June 23. 1730.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering your's of the 1st of May before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: But I don't question the news-papers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley.

* * * *
 * * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * *
 * * * *

She that you call my faucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on Lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman, and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the Duke of Dorset. My brother George and Lady Suffolk are gone to France, to make a visit to Lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spaw and Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well if she is not

so

so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, your most sincere and truly humble servant,

B. G.

LETTER DCCXIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 23. 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can assure you that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices*; but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio*, we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram*. I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint*. The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ*. Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis, pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt*. Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the

the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.*
 But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter!*
infernum redolebunt et spirabunt. The noise of
 guns, the neighing of horses, and the womens
 tongues, *calum atque terras miscebunt.*

Grouse pouts are come in,
 I've some in my bin,
 To butter your chin;
 When done with our din——
 —ner, through thick and thin
 We'll walk out and in,
 And care not a pin
 Who thinks it a sin.
 We make some folks grin,
 By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus*
noster luset exultum ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus
de versibus nihil amplius. You may be surpris'd
 at this motley epistle; but you must know that
 I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall
 shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia*
lingua Gallica, Hispanica, nec non Italica. I would
 rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue
totaliter quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus
eveleretur tonitruum superaret.

I wish your Reverence were here to hear the
 trumpets;

Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.
 Well,

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the Provost, Archdeacon Wall, the Bishop of Clogher, and —, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my Lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweet-heart, Mrs Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr Carte.

L E T T E R DCCXV.

MR DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Corke, July 2. 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr Dunkin *; and in pursuance of them,

* A female relation of Mr Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity-college, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this

them, have wrote to two of my friends, among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible: Which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the

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C

coin;

this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity which he was now soliciting to get encreased to 100*l*. He succeeded in his application; and the Earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland in the year 1746, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by King Charles I.

coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R DCCXVI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 6. 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the Lord Chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I intreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his Excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my Lord Chief Baron Marley, and Mr Justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: And do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see

see than fifty pounds, which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr Jones, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty: Our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry
Just ready to die:
Oh! where shall I fly
From Phoebus's eye?
In bed, when I lye,
I soak like a pye;

And I sweat, oh! I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to music; and pray let me have a bass, and second treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,
A clean house,
A hearty welcome,

C 2

Fat venison,
Small mutton,
Green pease,

Good

Good ale,	Good water,
Good beer,	Good wine,
Good bread,	Young ducks,
Good bed,	Young lambs,
Young turkeys,	Grouse pouts,
Young beans,	Fine trouts,
Right bacon,	Carrots,
Cauliflowers,	Parsnips, <i>Item.</i>
Young chickens,	

[A LONG GRAVEL WALK—

I must trouble your Reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

R E F E R E N C E S.

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1 Artichoak. | 16 Turnip. |
| 2 Carrot. | 17 Cauliflowers. |
| 3 Parsnip. | 17 Cofs lettuce |
| 4 Raspberries. | 19 Silesia lettuce. |
| 5 Gooseberries. | 20 Thyme. |
| 6 Currants, red. | 21 Sweet Marjoram. |
| 7 Currants, black. | 22 A Cavan fly, and
a thousand things
beside. |
| 8 Purslain. | 23 Some of my gravel
walk. |
| 9 Kidney beans. | 24 Nasturtium. |
| 10 Common beans. | 25 Onion. |
| 11 Red cabbage. | 26 Pea. |
| 12 Common cabbage. | |
| 13 Cucumber. | |
| 14 Orange. | |
| 15 Spinage. | |

I will fend you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to fend but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us horse rage it art us.

L E T T E R DCCXVII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, July 8. 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of chearful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great
 C 3 stations,

stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: Even in your melancholy, you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; tho' I believe you will be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: Nor need you sponge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: It is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My Lord Lichfield, and others of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I don't know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year; and yet I think Crosthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here, as well as in Ireland; and farms flung every day,
which

which have not been raised since king Charles I's. time. The grazier's are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly : Another is, the great number of inclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my sister. She writes to me with great affection ; but I find she is still wrong-headed, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonable ; and, in my opinion, so ill judged, that I do not wonder more at her than those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt Lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity ; and am ever most sincerely your's, &c.

My Lord Masham was extremely pleased with
your

your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER DCCXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

July 10. 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: Now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.—Mrs Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity. She swears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell: That your whole artichoke-leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslain passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine; but will have it, that, for the credit

dit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-fs-a-b-d ; your beans are as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that, for her sake, you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, fight, and smell ; yet as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

L E T T E R DCCXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

I RECEIVED your letter, which begun with *lings* *. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty : A trifle ! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter ; which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do ; and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold

* A termination whimsically applied.

hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune chearfully. I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon, that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of the things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? And will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of your's and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you, that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: For you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs White-way thanks you for the good opinion you have of her; and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of Offory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the College-green club is to meet: For in these times I
detest

detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who, to save paper, confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave; and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Because I did not *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack * the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. *The d—l cut their yelping weapons*. We expect Lord Orery and Bishop Rundle next week.—This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever. I was there yesterday, and met Dr H—m, who hopes she was a little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of. Dr Grattan is confined by a boil: If you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country-companion now is philosopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

LETTER

* Called now the Poddle-guard, and kept within the liberties of St Patrick's to suppress riots.

LETTER DCCXX.

LADY B — G — TO DR SWIFT.

July 11. 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the Duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his: That the Duke could not refuse him; especially as my Lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy. Though at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but
you

you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occasion*; because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before, he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spaw with my brother George for her health; and as I shall go for my own to the Bath in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R DCCXXI.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 20. 1736.

I RECEIVED your's some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds

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ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it.

* * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford, The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My Wife *,	Miss Brook. 1, 2, 3, 4,
2 Ladies Lanesborough, &c. &c. &c.	
Mrs Maxwell,	All your Cavan mi-
Mrs Fitzmaurice,	stresses.
Mrs Horte,	News,
Mrs Hamilton,	Dr Thompson's ser-
Mrs Sanderfon,	vant almost cudgel-
Mrs Nuburgh,	ed him to death go-
Mrs Cromer,	ing from a christen-
Mrs White,	ing.
Mrs Nesbitt,	Colonel Nubergh's
Her 5 daughters,	fine arched market-
Mrs Stephens,	house quite finish-
Mrs and Miss Clement,	ed, with a grand cu-
Miss Tigh,	pola on the top, fell
Mrs Coote,	flat to the earth. It
Miss Pratt,	is now begun upon
Mrs Fitzherbert,	again. <i>Sic transit</i>
Mrs Jones,	<i>gloria mundi.</i>
Beauty Copeland,	

Grouse

* Who, by-the-bye, hated Dr Swift above all the human race.

Grouse pouts,
 Fine trouts,
 Right venison,
 For my benison,
 Leave your st—g town in haste
 For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you.
 Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all
 happiness may for ever attend you, is the sin-
 cere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and
 very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCCXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 31. 1736.

I WENT to Belturbet immediately upon the
 receipt of your letter, and found Mr Jones
 ready for Mr Henry's draught, and glad of it;
 and so am I—But you are a very fine lawyer
 in calling your deed of sale a mortgage—In-
 stead of cancelling, there is more to be done;
 you must not only cancel, but you must recon-
 vey to me, in as formal a manner as if you sold
 to me—Pray ask advice, and *do not do* things
 hand over head as you were going to *do* (observe
 my stile *) like me. If I had not sworn never

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to

* This was exactly Swift's stile to Sheridan upon many
 occasions; and now Sheridan, in his pleasant manner,
 returns the compliment.

to set my foot in Dublin, except I were to pass through it for England *, I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not——If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens——I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but not great fear.——As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two Manks pence towards it already.——You may think I swagger, but, as I hope to be saved, it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Dr King is in Dublin. I wish, with all my soul, he would take a frolic to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in Ireland.

My collection of witty sayings, &c. is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Dr King promised me his friendship at Oxford. If you would speak a kind word to the public in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much

* Sheridan never crossed the channel to England in his whole life.

much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But——That——is——neither——here——nor there——.

My son——I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My son——is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. * * *

* * * * * May all happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCCXXIII.

LADY HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

August 6. 1730.

I DON'T know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer of my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing, rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under

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ground.

ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my Lord and I hope you will take one to the country of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but Lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr Ireland, who was usher to Mr Garnet, school-master of Tipperary. Mr Garnet died lately: He has given Mr Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr Ireland to succeed Mr Garnet: As you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this, there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jawbone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a-half. My Lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My Lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXIV.

THOMAS CARTE, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Aug 11. 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application, and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my history 'of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time,' I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and construction of this nation. Rapin de Toiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's *Fœdera*; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for
want

want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery: He knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history, which is preserved in the Cotton library: Nor ever consulted any journal of our privy-council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting Bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper-office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward IV. to the Revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expence, as well as labour, that,

to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in England; but even copies of negociations of foreign ambassadors at this court, (*e. g.* of the French; all the negociations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I knew where to have copied), they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a-year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be compleated this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light: And the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr Awnshaw's, in Red-lion court, in Fleet-street, London,

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXV.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Aug. 14. 1736.*

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends fears, and his enemies hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—**NAMELY**, to pay some debts which I cannot.

My poor Lady Mountcathell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanry for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world, (you may guess who I mean), and I am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice——You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted—My new kitchen is disappointed;
fo

so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, Down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will chuse another. In the mean time, God bless you and my dearest friend the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCCXXVI.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years make men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard

yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals blind and dull: And you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of your's to ———. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a-year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: For, believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only
guess

gues at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and your's will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximo, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it; and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not and cannot burn your works; while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER DCCXXVII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Brook-street, Sept. 2. 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; don't flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: The Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction but from your own hand, most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Corke, to Wicklow Mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir John Stanley's garden at North-End: It is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained
by

by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyrus's, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: He was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name was Talbot: She is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister.

ster. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference. I beg my particular compliments to Dr Delany *. Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

L E T T E R DCCXXVIII.

FR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 15. 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pounds were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed, if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would,

* This lady was sometime afterwards married to Dr Delany.

would, I mean should, charge only five *per cent.* because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs Whiteway know, (to whom pray present my love and best respects), that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all her beholders. Remember her if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow, (if he does), by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress in Abbey-street *, with a fine pair of Cavan nut-crackers to save her white teeth; and your's too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship, (which is your best feather), otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with her's. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. O that some friend would lodge me in Dublin Marshalsea!

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the Primate's lady rid against her; and that Mrs Whiteway, by

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way

* Mrs Whiteway.

way of weight, carried the Bishop of Down and Cannor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr Faulkner writ to me for some poems of your's which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and, what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprizes me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the Provost of the college, or Archdeacon Whittenham, or Archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will out-live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXIX.

LADY B — G — TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 2. 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his Grace and you : And he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend is indeed what you say, a very worthy person ; but Mr Molly, who was Lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings ; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends ; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court-answer or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before : and I am now literally setting out for Bath. So adieu, dear Dean.

L E T T E R DCCXXX.

MRS BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, Nov. 3. 1736.

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found

found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there. But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself rather than be burthensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings. Your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any thing good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here; in that way my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me
any

any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son, who is learning to paint, goes on very well, and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent: And I am in hopes that Con. may settle here. Dr Mead, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: And I find Mr Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: And if I live till my son, the painter, goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con. if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr Hellsam, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

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I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worsley, who heard of it from Mrs Cleland *, and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: But, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.—I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not

* ‘Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley. Mrs Cleland, wife of Major William Cleland, a friend of Mr Pope, and author of the Letter to the publisher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.’

not to be offended with me for asking it ; for it was others that, out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself by your writings ; and that, since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you to see me in easy circumstances ; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr Swift wrote ; and, indeed, I believe in my conscience it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season ; amongst others Lady Carteret, and Mrs Spencer* ; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them : As you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold-stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters ; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind : I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone ; if you will not try it for your own sake, why will you not in pity to your country ? O may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress,

* ' Daughter of Lord Carteret, married first to the Honourable John Spencer, brother to the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards to the late Earl Cowper.'

strefs, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people !

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr Temple * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself you will visit Moor-Park once again : Heaven grant you may ! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

L E T T E R DCCXXXI.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 8. 1736.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, Pox on all Irish writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do ? How is your head ? How is your

* ' John Temple, Esq; nephew of Sir William Temple, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late Lord Viscount Palmerstone.'

your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr Sheridan promised you turn out *? And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleased to suppose that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now, to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr Throp. I don't know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanry, for boys and girls, and wives, will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr Sheridan has my free leave to

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read

* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculous.

read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly * never to have done with my demands on you: Therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a-week from, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the deanry: Every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

L E T T E R DCCXXXII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Paris, Nov. 9. O. S. 1736.

AS soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander †, and consequently

* Miss Harrison.

† This alludes to the Doctor's fine satire called *The Toast*, which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander.

consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country; for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation. As to the history, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to the part of your letter which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the f——ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more

offensive than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris*. As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them when I am out of it; and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my Lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss Harrison, and tell Mr Swift * I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

L E T T E R DCCXXXIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 21. 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which

* Mr Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford the spring following.

which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example, as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of mill-stones were stolen, and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killishandra, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller who lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long, to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies. I have been for a week past composing an Anglo-latin letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birth-day, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have, by good fortune, got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from Sept. past, and is to pay me their arrears the next May; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire ——— should keep my money in his pocket, when it is

nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar ——— of ———, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a pretty little birth-day poem against St Andrew's day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do assure you, Madam, it is a very pretty thing, (although I say it that should'nt say it), and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say that you are, and shall be in spite of the whole world. I wish Mrs Sheridan were dead out of the way.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXXIV.

DR DUNKIN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Nov. 30. 1736.

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birthday with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent head-ach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: But if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort however I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam, your most obliged, most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

L E T T E R

LETTER DCCXXXV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: The first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished
men

men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine ; I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a cotemporary ; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past ; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life ; but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 l. a-year about Cork and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid : This is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name ; I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him : But perhaps he is still a-rambling ; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side ! Yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham, and Mr. Lewis, remain ; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments ; but chiefly to Mrs P. B. and let me know whether she be

as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: For this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. — My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. — I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXXVI.

LORD CASTLEDURROW * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Dec. 4. 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor: This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your œconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for fuel to your pudding. I fancy I am as old
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* This was William Lord Baron of Castledurrow, whose son Henry was created Lord Viscount Ashbrook in the year 1751.

an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of Dean Aldrich, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post; that over Virgil and Horace, Gay and Phillips smoked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to inclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His Grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr Woodward's shield *; though it gave such offence to
his

* The character of Dr Cornelius Scriblerus, in the Memoirs of his son Martinus Scriblerus, was intended for

his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a Christmas-box: Small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verfes by Lord Castledurrow, inclosed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire;
And sometimes again he abhors woman-kind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

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The

for Dr Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield; and Dr Cornelius is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old sconce without a nozzle.

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt Feneſtras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate;
In idle ſleep now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

L E T T E R DCCXXXVII.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec. 7. 1736.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a poſitive reſolution concerning the hiſtory. You need not heſitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can ſupply them without the leaſt trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of thoſe public pieces, which you determined ſhould be inſerted at length; I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's representation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publiſh the two tracts as an appendix to the hiſtory, you will

will be pleased to see if the character given of the E. of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the history. Perhaps, on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the Gazettes, or any other news-papers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this history should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. KING.

LETTER DCCXXXVIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec. 21. 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physick and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the Duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of your's. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance,

quaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall by my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the Duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, the person you inquire after, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own, I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full

of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me: perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His Majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if he does not come by twelfth-day, the people will chuse king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them. Se was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your Ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the House next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a
long

long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM PULTENEY.

L E T T E R DCCXXXIX.

TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor
so

so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us: for if we have known him long, he is old; and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity: But if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go towards acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Qua

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. “But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: And the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723), and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.”

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking Fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me, if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible; for not
our

our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone, by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room*; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament: And you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the same studies, and the same authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise, than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. *Warb.*

on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I don't know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much. Let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

L E T T E R DCCXL.

March 23. 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in
in

this state are like props indeed: they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible, and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country *, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved,

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, because the sentence may be understood in a double sense. *Dub. edit.*

enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head; so that I write on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old house-keeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

L E T T E R DCCXLI.

TO MR ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR ALDERMAN, *March 30. 1737.*

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr Loyd, which he will deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It seems your society hath raised the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years past, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the most screwing landlords of this kingdom: And the consequence hath already been, that many of your tenants in that town and the lands about it, are preparing to the plantations of America, for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the North to the same plantations, I mean the oppression of landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider, that no society can or ought, in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire, who lives upon his estate, and is able to distrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, so as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, bishops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as half the value; and when they raise those rents which are unreasonably

ably low, it is by degrees. I have instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter, although my own lands, as Dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other side, there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr Loyd my opinion: That if you could be prevailed on just to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must necessarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent: But not by such leaps as you are now taking: For you ought to remember the fable, of the hen who laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of English in those parts. If that be so, you are too wise to let it be a colony of Irish beggars. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am a stranger, if I had not been long assured of the poor condition those people in and about Coleraine have lain under since that enormous raising of their rents. The bearer, whom I never saw until yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of truth and good sense. Yet, if he hath misrepresented this matter to me, I shall never be his advocate again.

H 2

My

My health is very indifferent: Spirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire: For I have lost so many friends without getting any new, that I must keep you as a sample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, &c.

LETTER DCCXLII.

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, April 3. 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters——Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?

——— *Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus altaque pulsat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem) !
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli :
Viceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.*

Remember also, that

*Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.*

Translate

Translate these lines and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; there you shall see the famous Sacsockishkash, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; whilst we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.—If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you! Mrs Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall fawn upon the Doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of Sir R. W.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you, to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as much true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Stephen's-Green about the first of next month. In the middle of June I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet you: You will exchange Cyclops for men: And if one must fall surely the choice is right.

Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation: You shall certainly have the cheefes. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy *. The best in England are made in my manor.

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

L E T T E R DCCXLIII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-street, April 7. 1737.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

I AM extremely obliged to you for several letters, which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remembrances of me and my family in your letters to several of your friends, but particularly in your letters to Mr Pope: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts: I dare say you will do me that justice that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from
any

* The Earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarce bear the sight of it.

any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he whom he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has passed, and I promise to amend, if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to my asking your forgiveness) this, I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality, (if I may say so), I am very sensible of the share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember when I read over that history of your's, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said, which might have been then very current-ly talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do intreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions, that this history be not printed and published, until I have had an opportunity of seeing it, with a liberty of shewing it to some family-friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be

be so good as to grant me my request; I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong: They are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: She brought me another grand-daughter last month: Desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The Duke of Portland so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my Lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

O X F O R D.

I wish Mr Faulkner, when he sends any thing to me, would say how you do.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

A BOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve for all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of my mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: Into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition; and a few others, who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do.——Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in support able. Yew wan twine. My strefs Albavia has eaten here
all

all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs Harrison: Which causeth many speck you'll ash owns.

—I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth Mad dam.—So will go on, by the strength of my own wit, upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; such as, grow ling, ray ling, tip ling, (seldom) toy ling, mumb ling, grumb ling, cur ling, puss ling, buss ling, strow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tat ling, whiff ling, dab ling, doub ling. These are but as ample of an hunn dread mower: They have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, and dare ink you rabble.

—Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine capacity. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time; wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain

Explain this proverb. Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold; is the vice of women both young and old. Yes, your have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young huncks come to age.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Here is a ryhme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha,
Jenny, Ann.

A specimen of Latinitas Grattianiana.

EGO ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.

Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.

Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?

Ego faciam te fumare.

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare saltum.

Veni, veni, solvetuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.

Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.

Ut diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid est materia tecum?

Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus:

Nil

Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cap me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in forti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus : Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu est carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad
crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid : Hic est magnus clamor et par-
va lana.
Quid ! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum.
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullam manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego intro non in tuas querelas.
Ego feci amore virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aspiciunt optime per candela lucem !

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXLVII*.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22d, as you will read below in the date) send or talk to Mr Smith: But I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed; but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind of settlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of Reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of quadrille, (did

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* This should have been dated 22d May 1737, but is not.

you ever see it?) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him; but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs White-way gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much; for she grows disobedient, and says, she is going *for* to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr or Dr on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on the Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original), and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting; others say the Privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy, I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work.—Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*, for half my body is already spent.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXLVIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

April 17. 1737.

I RETURNED last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here.—My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year: The fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the inclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished; and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but

until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of intreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartstown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you, and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCXLIX.

THE HON. MISS DAVYS * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

May 27. 1737.

I KNOW you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the Blue-coat Hospital. I received the inclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with

* Afterwards Countess of Barrymore.

with this request, and pardon for this trouble,
will oblige, Sir, your most humble and most o-
bedient servant,

M. DAVYS.

L E T T E R DCCL

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters; but it has pleased God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability; for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafness, being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always

be ; for your's are always guineas, and mine farthings ; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way ; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. “ All the letters I can find of your's, “ I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest “ in bundles indorsed : But, by reading their “ dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I “ can find no copies ; and yet I keep them with “ all possible care. But I have been forced, on “ three or four occasions, to send all my papers “ to some friends ; yet those papers were all sent “ sealed in bundles to some faithful friends ; however, what I have are not much above sixty.” I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life ; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this ; such is my weakness.

I have read your epistle of Horace to Augustus. It was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out some : But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste,
affect

affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is, that you are too far engaged; and in spite of you, the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr Glover who writ the epic poem, called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, your's entirely, as long as I can write or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCCLI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

CERVE DECANE,

June, 1737.

E GO longus audire a te, nunc Francisci sunt
venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud

pud Sanctas Catherinas *, qui olim minabatur me cum scripto, et sue ego ibam ad Dunboyn. Non reddebam ad Dulinum apud causa debebam nummum, et ego habeam id non ad cicerem.

Meus filius Thomas sedebat nuper pro scho-
lasticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam unius
Domini Hughs, qui gignebat super apud asse-
rem †, et dixit, quod puer erat nimium juvenis
projuramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Socium;
nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil; et sic
servit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego non
volo capere ad cor, sed ego faciam optimum
malo mercatu. O qualis mundus est hic! Sed
ego dieam non plus. Scio quod scio; et tenebo
mentem ad meipsum, et ego solvam id de cum
cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros sapientum dictorum ‡
transcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ manu,
quos mittam ad te per primam opportunitatem,
ante ut meus Dominus Orrery vadit pro Angliâ;
nam promisit capere illos cum se, et facere pac-
tum pro me cum prælato.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, ut jubebas
me, sic id ego spero non habebis multum agere;
nam est non rationabile dare tibi multam mole-
stiam circum farciendo stylum. Amica Donelson
est cito ire ad Dublinum, mittam illos cum illâ.

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, sed quod nostra
tempestas

* St Catherine's, Lady Mountcashel's villa, about six miles from Dublin.

† When the Provost and Fellows of the university of Dublin meet in council, they call it a Board.

‡ The Doctor's collection of Bon Mots.

tempeſtas eſt valde calida, in ſic tantum, ut omne noſtrum gramen eſt uſtum ſuper, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, ſi Deus placeret mittere.—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempeſtatis eſt in Dublino, & ſi placeat te mitte ad me rationem tuæ ſanitatis. Da meum humile ſervitium omnibus qui rogant pro me. Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Helſham, et cæteris amicorum. Precare cape curam de teipſo, et ſic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22 .

Unum mille ſeptem centum et triginta ſeptem.
Servitium et amor Dominæ Albæ Vi.

L E T T E R DCCLII.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is aſ fit amanto tellus toris aſſi.
It is aſ illi geſto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: Sum arſo denti i curſum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de ſe nite ſedito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præſit in my lapſu. Diſti camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: His cotis vel vetas fine aſſa hero. Hiſtrix arſo rudi cantabit en durum. His arſis ne ver at atqui et. Cæſi, de vilis in uti fora puppi.
Præ

Præ heris anser. Sursum denis agrum, agros, aras calli, as ausi, an empti, an das curvi tori. A pacatoris sat at superbius, sed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promissu as furas urina gaudi coti intendit; fori de testa vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As furas veni sonis sit fora pasti. Ima deni se; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec sto misi de; Ago, arundo formica ne, lætabo beat mi merci. I feda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret; an di cæso fore ver. Alludo dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic fedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, ora nupera fues? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis: Iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic sed, i amabo, i fedi destabo, i findit: Cantu curabo? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo? Olet Serapis in ure bootes: Olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As fine as ure cotis, it is as Græci assa candelis; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed; Serra dicti, sensu arso rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intendit? I definit a tu es de nite nec stat his labora tori; an de at mi superaturus.

Itis ab ova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis ossa define tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum orne? An eber omine has sum veri fine stipes; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time for a meri Ester, orat Crismas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflect me tecum in tomi cum
pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina
dea bellet alpha quarter offa miles distans.

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno?
Heris anser; O, as feras ab lac a more, affuetas
Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a
marina rodīs.

Præbe specus a satur de nec stat superaturus:
Ime beaturus Tori rori, as meri assa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru stola satur de.
Udi diti se, an das furas agunto, it isto hamus.
Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deservit. At-
las tu me sufferat a gallus fora robur. It is veri
es ito paca juri. Cani se imas Indis Creta manas
ubi? I cano. Præ furdo me justis. Sed ito
dixit quietas alam. Sensu arso pertica nata ni
time triumpho vero prætor; itis notat alto me.
I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is solaminis legas i cantu sim inani
erant.

Seras de lite isto flatter. Afflat error is redito
puta nos inani ars. Sera fedi, pullus sum frui-
tor lætis pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite
in. Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis
tecam. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis
as longa timeas ire membra jumento fume fora-
det: At ipsi rogato poto vale: uno lo nomen
agro at. I meto non est at urnæ, a foto mi en
emi; an di pedit in hisco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, I ambicum
more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen
fit fora meri cumpani? Atri forum, prædo.

Finalis

Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as fine assis inani citi.
Ure caris in ops notabit usti. Aduncis mi de
lite, justas a paratis ures; I herum, I encurage,
an di secundum in almi follis, fora de orso.

Tomi ad visu toris torisque nota peni inani
Hanno veri an interest. Arma gesti Caro lina
has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit
en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera
bootes.

Miser vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio
hera peni, I sum times castas ipsi ater. I mis
ter at urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite.

Ures.

LETTER DCCLIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an op-
pressor of the clergy; a racker of his ten-
nants; a jobber of all public works; very proud,
and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring
squires, although they be intimate friends, rela-
tions, or allies, if one of them want one hun-
dred rood of the other's land contiguous to his
own, which would make any building square, or
his garden uniform, (without the least inconve-
niency to the other), he shall be absolutely re-
fused, (as the utmost mark of friendship); shall
be forced to pay for it twenty times more than
the

the value. This they call, praying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality.—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squire takes the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæsar. For instance, the great Conolly—the great Wesley—the great Damer.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner: Sir, I am your humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of your great men: Which I take to be just of a piece with Harlequin's swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: The former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

LETTER DCCLIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Dublin, June 14. 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your Lordship, dated April 7. which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your Lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention of the four last years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace *; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanry, (after the peace was made), I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's at St James's;

my

* The Doctor means only the first draught of that history: For it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he spent a good deal of his time in improving and correcting it to his own taste and liking; and particularly we find in a letter of the Dean's to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721, that he still employed some part of his leisure in digesting it into order. *Swift.*

my Lord and Lady Masham left us together ; I expostulated with them both ; but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord Treasurer ; I pretended business that prevented me ; and so I sent them to Windsor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to some ***** †. But I followed them to Windsor ; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate. They grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together, and therefore I spoke very freely to them both ; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, I was in the right. Your father said, all would do well ‡. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it impossible to be of any use. I took coach to Oxford on Monday ; went to a friend in Berkshire ; there staid till the Queen's death, and then to my station here ; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the history of the four last years ; and therefore I have kept

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† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can easily fill it up, so as to make the sense perfect. *Swift.*

‡ This was a very common expression of my Lord Treasurer, who was the least apt to despond of any minister in the world. *Swift.*

it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those *** who have accused the Queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the Lord Treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history which I am now going to publish, for the information of posterity, and to controul the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordship hath any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or other memorials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; though I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again.

again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Dutchess *. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry of that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to see England; I am now too old and sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness, I live a most domestic life; I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed miserable country, not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable, prevailing faction in it. Farewel, my Lord; I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the Dutchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy. I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: Let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and so should be in England,

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which

* Dutchess of Portland.

which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am with the truest love and respect, my Lord, &c.

LETTER DCCLV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

London, June 23. 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer Mr Loyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, Sir, that as the Society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Coleraine from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned, as saving your nation: which gave great offence;

offence; and I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called Common Sense, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the History of his own Time: he is well. You will please to make my compliments to Lord Orrery and Dr Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude, with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a public blessing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLVI.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *St Mary-Hall, Oxford, June 24. 1737.*

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the post-office intercepted a letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said any thing that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal family; I did not blame the Prime minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I inclosed in that letter a printed paper called Common Sense, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government for the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods *. I thought to afford you some diversion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by Lord Orrery. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish channel: and as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of
writing

* This paper of Common Sense was written by Dr King himself.

writing fully to you by Mr Dean Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious, young man. He is an hard student, and will do honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs Whiteway says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton-commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to King Edward's lodgings: And then St Mary-Hall may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be with the greatest esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLVII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *St Mary-Hall, Oxon. June 24. 1737.*

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: However I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen of the post-office, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one inclosed for our friend in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my Lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I don't know why the Dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character, to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: For, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the Dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you
my

my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the public will go down, if the managers have but patience to try twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politics, without considering that these reflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper *.

You

* With respect to Dr King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politics; for the great force of Dr Swift's reasoning, in the character of an Irish Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth threepence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome. Whereas the halfpence, sent over to Ireland

You can't imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation piece *. I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: For the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will bear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person, that must be nameless,

land in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the Crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom; and were not calculated to do any mischief; or in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly apprised, that halfpence were not sterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatsoever; the only use of them being a sort of change in the small crafts and traffic of the world. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines, by order of Dr Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stoppt their currency.

* Meaning the Toast.

nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than that I am, and always must be, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the post-office who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs Whiteway, at her house in Abby-street, together with a letter inclosed and addressed to the Dean of St Patrick's.

L E T T E R DCCLVIII.

SIR,

WHEN you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If any thing I have said about the copper-halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you, if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: For, as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the high-way. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should

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be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enroll you and your superiors in my catalogue of heroes.

LETTER DCCLIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT*.

London, June 30. 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: On this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but, as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and, besides this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to shew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still
alive,

* There is an answer to this letter in Johnston's collection, No. 69.

alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Mafham is much in the same way: He has married his son, and boards with him: The lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: The old gentleman walks a-foot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr Arbuthnott every hour of the day: He was the best-conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most chearful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of a delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: He is very happy in his wife, Lady Blandford; but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: This may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: Thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near Lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man Lord K——; now I name him, I mean Lord Oxford. Let me ask you if it be true that you are going to print a History of the four last years

of the Queen; if it is, won't you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: The conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the Two Houses of parliament: Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: Permit me to say, as to the first, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui*. As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to Lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing; for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: The latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: As to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of skill: He has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean adieu: Believe me to be, what I really am, most affectionately your's.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLX.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-street, July 4. 1737.

GOOD MR DEAN,

YOUR letter of June 14. * in answer to mine of the 7. of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the History of the Four last Years of the Queen to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them before they are put to the press; and, as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one; this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: Their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press

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* This letter was printed by Johnston in the year 1765, No. 68.

on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my request, that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the history to read when you were in England since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmost to prevent it, I should never forgive myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter desires the same: They both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear Sir, your obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T T E R DCCLXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will
be

be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of your's, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England; which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those, who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom): But the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them, that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here, who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr Delany, who, as I
take

take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters. He will not allow such a difference between the two climates; but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. — I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by these scribblers, who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. — I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often:

ten: next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done; for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewel my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R DCCLXII.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 23. 1737.

IF I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty; not dusty, for we have had rain; not dull, for Mr Pope is in it; not noisy, for we have no cars*; not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets: In short, 'tis just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St Paul's, for my little church at Marlston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr King has his cargo, Mrs Barber her conversation, and Mr Pope his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham: The *olim meminisse* will be
our

* Alluding to the Irish cars.

our feast. Leave Dublin and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore ; at least I feel 'em : And I'll say with Macbeath, Would thou could'st !

My health is greatly mended ; so, I hope, is your's : Write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure ; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence ? Surely it does ; at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise : Try if it will fall by coming nearer : No, certainly it cannot be higher. Your's most affectionately.

ORRERY.

L E T T E R DCCLXIII.

TO ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ ; *

DEAR FRIEND,

July 23. 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the Queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance : And I find I owe your's to my Lord Oxford. The history you mention was written above a year before the Queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanry. I returned in less than a month, but

* Formerly private secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

but the ministry could not agree about the printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and, on the Queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a Queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received: For I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford or to you; for the person who hath it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although per-

haps

haps that may be too late *. If my health would have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as London, I would have satisfied both my Lord and you. I believe you know that Lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France, to write the History of his own Time, and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much Lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present

Lord

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr Swift had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the Four last Years of the Queen's reign once or twice out of his friend's hand, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never seen one line of it. And this caused it to be apprehended, that, if the Dean should frequently lend the history, a copy of it might be taken some time or other. Whereupon Mrs Whiteway, the next time the Dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, that if she ever again should take the charge of that manuscript, he should never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he should, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and insist upon having it in his own possession, she would never take the charge of it more; and accordingly she took it upon these conditions, and has faithfully kept it from that day to this: The history which is now abroad having been printed from a spurious manuscript, taken as it is supposed, from a copy of the original which had been sent to England, by the late Earl of Corke and Orrery, for the Dean's friends to peruse. Mr Nugent, the present representative in parliament for the city of Bristol, who read the original in Mrs Whiteway's parlour in the year 1739, can, if he pleases, vouch the authenticity of this fact, as he could not have the pleasure of reading that history (which the Dean was desirous enough to lend him) at his own lodgings.

Lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr Arbuthnot, and poor Gay, and others ; and I heartily pity poor Lord Mafham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man ; because I much disliked his education. When I was last among you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health : I always loved him, and rejoiced to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passeth, that I never heard of Lady Blandford, his present wife.

Lord Bath used to write to me, but hath dropped it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive ? For he hath dropped me too : or perhaps my illness hath hindered me from provoking his remembrance : For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional, and for a short time, hath stuck by me now several months without remission ; so that I am unfit for any conversation, except one or two Stentors of either sex, and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable Lord K * * * *, whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickliness, only that you lead a mere animal life ; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory ; nor I hope your

sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuseth me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave house-keeper, whom I call Sir Robert, and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong high tenor voices. I am, &c.

L E T T E R DCCLXIV.

THOMAS FARREN, ESQ; MAYOR OF CORK, TO
DR SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, *Cork, Sept. 14. 1737.*

I AM favoured with your's by Mr Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the public has received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens: and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But, as so great and deserving a patriot

patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is intitled to, will however demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country: And am, reverend Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

L E T T E R DCCLXV.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR MR DEAN, *Cirencester, Oct. 5. 1737.*

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed: But, if latter accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: However, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to Lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you

a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: Possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it: And, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it *. Adieu! and do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably, your's.

L E T T E R DCCLXVI.

LORD M——Y * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 17. 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleasure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the House of Lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.

You

* On the back of the original letter, Dr Swift hath observed, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace, and is printed, with the additional lines, in Pope's works, Vol. VI. Dr Warburton's edition.

* Now E———of B———n.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into England; instead of which, I must beg the favour of you to say, that there are heads of a bill depending now before your Lordships committee, in order to prevent, &c. &c. for until such time as it shall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M———Y.

L E T T E R DCCLXVII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 22. 1737.

I CAN'T help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see Lord Orrery. He told me the last time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the Queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing, no murder, and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention Tull's letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in St James's place, and called Little Cleveland-court. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I had taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of about six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of small use to me; for the fore-parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the second floor is divided in two, and makes room for the whole family,

mily, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bed-chamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham-house, and all that part of the Park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

Every body agrees the Queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover; and the surgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days sooner, she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her stomach, which did her great mischief. The King is said to have given her the first account of her condition: She bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see the Prince of Wales; nor could the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said, she heartily forgave the Prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that Sir Robert Walpole, upon the loss of his, made Miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of your's, &c.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa-tree, or to Little Cleveland-court in St James's Place.

L E T T E R DCCLXVIII.

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

At Paris, Nov. 29. 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for Ireland, my history of the mareschal de Turenne, the greatest French hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration,
and

and friendship, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

L E T T E R DCCLXIX.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

December 6. 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction: But those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that

* The promise of Polypheme to Ulysses.

that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the Duke of Kingston has imported one *; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened †; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors: If a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, Where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it;

* • Madame la Touche a French Lady,

† • The death of Queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, 20th Nov. 1737.

it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death perhaps you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend Pope in town: He is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition; let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody, for some time past, but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R DCCLXX.

DR SWIFT TO DR CLANCY.

SIR, *Deanry-house, Christmas-day, 1737.*

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy*, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, and with much pleasure, on account

* The Sharper, the principal character of which performance was designed to represent Colonel Chartres.

account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the play-house, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present *, in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight †, which, if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, Sir, your well-wishing friend and humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play: If it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

LETTER DCCLXXI.

LADY HOWTH TO D SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

December 26. 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridge, a side of venison, and some plover, which will

* This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (saith Dr Clancy) I sent him a parcel of tickets: He kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two four pound pieces for more. Vid. Clancy's Memoir's, Vol. II. p. 56.

† Dr Clancy had pursued the study of physic, and was patronized by Dr Hellsam; but having lost his sight before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support. He has been dead some years.

will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast; and drink your blue-eyed Nymph in a bumper, as we do the Drapier; and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a black-guard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and Sea-nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

L E T T E R DCCLXXII.

DR CLANCY TO DR SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Dec. 27. 1737.

WHEN I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: From my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which, in some more happy periods of my life, would have made me proud even to vanity, has now, in my distress, comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should

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do

do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

L E T T E R DCCLXXIII.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

MADAM,

January 28. 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you, nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London-society about your parts; whereupon Mr Richardson came to the deanry; although it was not in my power to do him the least good office further than writing to the Alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times; and I believe, after several invitations,

tions, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usequebaugh: He discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin-claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine: He found out the merchant with whom I deal by the treachery of my butler, and sent to me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myself. At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved, that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and seconder in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And, what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanry assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you

would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, Madam, I must deal so plain, as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summerseat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents? For they swore to me that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery; which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article,

article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you. I am, with great respect and the highest esteem,

MADAM,

your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant.

L E T T E R DCCLXXIV.

EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Duke-street, Westminster, Feb. 14. 1737-8.

MADAM,

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the postmasters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curl's hand, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree intirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particu-

larly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, Madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant.

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXXV

THE CHEVALIER RAMSY TO DR SWIFT.

At Paris, Feb. 20. 1738.

I SEND you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, Reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLXXVI.

MISS RICHARDSON TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Summerseat, Feb. 23. 1737-8;

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter *, wherein you were pleased to say so many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons, unacquainted with me, think better of me than afterwards they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his

* Vid. Johnson's Collection, No. 70.

his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at *Summerseat*, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? but I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the summer will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me: I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be

be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCLXXVII.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND.

London, March 13. 1738.

IT was with great pleasure I received your's of the 9th of March, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our news-papers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in their weekly memoirs, which I always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. which petition I desire that you only would under-write, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but in-
form

form me, as soon as possible, of Dr Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to Lord and Lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoice to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His Lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals, and desires you would send them by the first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that Noble Lord, who has no vices (except buying manuscripts, and curiosities may be called so) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20,000*l.* a-year. I say, is it not shocking? But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My Lord Burlington is now selling, in one article, 9000*l.* a-year in Ireland, for 200,000*l.* which won't pay his debts.

Dr Mead is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and service.

Mr Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr Ford, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me, but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though I thank God, I
am

am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a chearful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of shewing my gratitude to you, Sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God blifs you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

L E T T E R — DCCLXXVIII.

DR KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ; *.

SIR, *St Mary-hall, Oxon, March 15. 1737-8.*

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from

* Then at Monmouth.

from me. I have written two letters for him (both inclosed to Mrs Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from Lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of—*, which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the Dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I have likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the Toast, at least to shew it to nobody in Ireland; for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be Sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER

* Dr Swift's History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

L E T T E R DCCLXXIX.

ALEXANDER M'AULAY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

April 13. 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely sorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, Rev. Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

L E T T E R DCCLXXX.

DR KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ;

St Mary-Hall, Oxon, April 25. 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr Birt, for which I thank you. 'Tis now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs Whiteway,
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to acquaint the Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: But methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week; because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the history, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the Dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: On the contrary, I have consulted the Dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning the Toast.

Your

Your friends here are all well. Believe me,
 dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
 WILLIAM KING.

L E T T E R DCCLXXXI.

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, May 6. 1738.*

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from Summerseat to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent my having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of St Patrick's is very well: It would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing

undone that he could think of to prevail with the Dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can to persuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, who I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCLXXXII.

LORD ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 13. 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs Whiteway or not.

To shew you what a generous rival I am, (now I am sure of the lady), I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but she told me the other day, to do you good, she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might

might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

ORRERY.

L E T T E R. DCCLXXXIII.

LORD ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 29. 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea est Lavinia conjux*. To-morrow Mrs Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the Dean of St Patrick's in the loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXXXIV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

London, July 2. 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of your's of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the inclosed I received from the hands of my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope, your dearest friends. My Lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at, (though I am not likely to live to see it published), because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His Lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelve-penny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies to their country.

The report of the Duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His Grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handsome manner,
and

and has Mr Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of your's and mine passed through Avignon about a month since, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr Dunkin.

I have seen Lord and Lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100,000 l. That a man, without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily your's; so is Mr Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see Lord — in an age: his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa-tree to the Park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints;
for

for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly; so that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and I impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses milk, which is the best specific we have. I wish to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An Alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned: And I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came; and, after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long while; only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady
in

in Germany has put the ——— in good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

L E T T E R DCCLXXXV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

July 25. 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of St Patrick's becoming indifferent towards me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October,

tober, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices, and, when I am not engaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his Lordship inquired much about you and your health. The Alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanting to put Mr Dunkin in possession of the parish of Coleraine.

I hear you have seen Pope's fifth Dialogue, 1738. Have you seen his Universal Prayer? This second Dialogue, together with a copy of the inscription intended by the old Dutchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of Queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to Lord Chesterfield, on another subject, wait on you inclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I

I expect the prime serjeant * here this night, in his way to France.

L E T T E R DCCLXXXVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Aug. 8. 1738.*

I HAVE your's of July 25; and first, I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior, universal genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad.

* Singleton.

broad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that score: And it is no compliment in me; for I take your second Dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St James's, (I mean the court exclusive).

"I can faithfully assure you, that every letter
"you have favoured me with these twenty years
"and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs W——, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only
"relation whose visits I can suffer. All these
"letters she is directed to send safely to you,
"upon my decease."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the north. She is a person of very good understanding, as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the last page of your's.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for
the

the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship, than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: And yet I love you still more for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here, in a postscript, correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my cousin the above letter; and she assures me, that a great collection of your* letters to me, are put and sealed, and in my letters to you, some very safe hand †.

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I

* It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed, seems to be part of the collection here spoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr Pope, but of Dr Swift, both to him and Mr Gay, which were returned him after Mr Gay's death: Though any mention made by Mr Pope of the return or exchange of letters, has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers.

† See Lord Orrery's letter in the next page.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely your's,

J. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24. }
1738. }

† THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR POPE.

SIR,

I AM more and more convinced, that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing; though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs W—— did assure me, she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs W——" declares she has them not.

"The

** This lady since gave Mr Pope the strongest assurances, that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay went so far as to secrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.*

" The consequence of their being hereafter published,
 " may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of
 " course to you; so I would do all in my power to make
 " you entirely easy in that point"

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my
 late misfortune: And I should say, as an excuse for this
 letter, that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me
 an opportunity to assure you that I am,

Dear Sir,

with the truest esteem,
 your very faithful and obedient servant,
 ORRERY.

Marlton, Oct. 4. }
 1738. }

L E T T E R DCCLXXXVII.

TO MR ALDERMAN BARBER.

Aug. 8. 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received your's of July 27th, and two
 days ago had a letter from Mr Pope, with a
 dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who
 tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose
 designs to continue there as long as he lives. I
 am very sorry he is under a necessity of selling
 Dawley: pray let me know whether he be to-
 lerably easy in his fortunes; for he hath, these
 several years, lived very expensively. Is his lady
 still alive? And hath he still a country-house,
 and an estate of her's to live on? I should be glad
 to live so long, as to see his History of his own

Times, which would be a work very worthy of his Lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious Queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr Pope's last poem, intituled, M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II.; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the Duke of Ormond lives so well at ease, and in so good health, as well as with so good a companion. His Grace hath an excellent constitution at so near to four score. Mr Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his Lordship's manager, and hath been the principal cause of my Lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you gave of young * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it. I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes

times six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits ; or, if it rains, I walk as much thro' the house, up and down stairs : and if it was not for this cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England ; pox on the modern phrase, Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and sold. However, I will put Dr Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse and ride every tolerable day twenty miles. Mr Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written so much this many a day, I have tired myself much ; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr Alderman, with very great esteem,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant.

LETTER DCCLXXXVIII.

THE BISHOP OF FERNS* TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

September 18. 1738.

A MESSAGE which I just now received from you by Mr Hughes, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister in musicis; but when I grew a great man (and by-the-bye you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr Hughes sing often at Percival's†, and have a good opinion of his judgment; so has Percival, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: And, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

LETTER

* Dr Synges

† At Dean Percival's.

L E T T E R DCCLXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MR Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniencies attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelve month past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever,
 &c.

J. SWIFT.

October the 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler says, the 2d on Tuesday 1738.
 My service to all your little, I mean Mrs Harrison, &c. but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

LETTER

* A box of soap and a brush.

LETTER DCCXC.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT.

Twickenham, Oct. 12. 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of shewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr Lyttleton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation, His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton: He loves, and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb, and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if

if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you — What? — what I cannot tell, the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the best softening of the want of either, quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: You lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay, we must (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and, if ever they come to England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs P. Blount, (allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man); and many young men there are, nay, all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry: Just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know, that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's ever,

A. POPE.

L E T T E R DCCXCI.

To the Honourable the Society of the Governor and Assistants, London, for the New Plantation in Ulster, within the Realm of Ireland, at their Chamber in Guildhall, London.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, *By conjecture*, 1738.

I HEARTILY recommend to your very Worshipful Society, the Reverend Mr William Dunkin,

Dunkin, for the living of Coleraïne, vacant by the death of Dr Squire. Mr Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity; and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect, and highest esteem,

Worthy Sirs,

your most obedient, and
most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCCXCII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

November 27. 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time, pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked cholic, and Mrs Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday *; I shall be full of the spleen, because it is

a

* Dr Swift's birth-day

a day you seem to regard, although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning *. I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever your's entirely. God support you!

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCCXCIII.

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, Nov. 29. 1738.*

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: You could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprized as I was when I read your letter, to think I had received a present from so great a person as the Dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the

* This chapter he always read upon his birth day.

the expence it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: It is a most beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: The Dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to Miss Harrison. I am, dear Madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCXCIV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 3. 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of your's *; for that, by

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Q

the

* Mrs Whiteway.

the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country-girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: It is true that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books, (I cannot say of the like kind), she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: But now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age had produced, and whom she worshippeth with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, hath, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me, as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear Sir, to learn from the prime-serjeant Singleton, that he found you
extremely

extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of St Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Dr Squire holds out surprisingly: As soon as the vacancy shall happen, I will have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCXCV.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *St Mary-hall, Oxford, Jan. 5. 1738-9.*

A T length I have put *Rochefaucault* to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submitted to their opinion; however, if, after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I'll write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr Pope had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth,
Sir, your most obedient and most faithful ser-
vant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most
humble service to Mrs Whiteway.

L E T T E R DCCXCVI.

DEANE SWIFT, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Jan. 12. 1738-9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me
yesterday, that I know not how to express
the obligations I lie under for it, unless by en-
deavouring to make myself worthy of your pre-
sent. I can demonstrate to the world that I daily
improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying
in those books, which, since the beginning of
my life, I have for ever esteemed to be a com-
plete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politics;
yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I
will venture to say of religion also. This I am
sure of, that so great a present from so great a
person, and in a manner so handsome and so ex-
traordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should
ever be honoured with again. I always thought
I added to my own reputation whenever I point-
ed out some of those excellencies which shine
through every page of them. But to be thought

Q₃

worthy

worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that, to the best of my power, I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in defence of it, or whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man, in every country, has by nature a right to insist upon; but whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of Liberty's General; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of Tyranny and Oppression; then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, Sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

LETTER DCCXCVII.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 23. 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford about the thirtieth of last month,

month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefaucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the approbation of the public as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason, but because I durst not insert them, I mean the story of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of Queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I don't know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high-treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: At least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine

magine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiors look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: For although that piece hath escaped the state-inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain; yet the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem, I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state, for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind: And I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXCVIII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

January 30. 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you; and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it hath been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the post-office; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether those post-officers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some greater name, I don't know; but for my part, I grew peevish to find my friendships, and all my little chit-chat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my superiors no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture

venture to write to the Dean even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefaucault; and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published; to which I consented in deference to Mr Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he hath not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which Cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit createur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple-bar; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at last appear whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford?

Since

Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, Madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent the Dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

L E T T E R DCCXCIX.

LORD CASTLEDURROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 2. 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr Delany's obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me;

me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet that he should approve, I will not wonder, when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias, even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet, must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney-coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerse in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number

ber I know I am unworthy of rank : However, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have inclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you ; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, ascribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's *Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his last six lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,

That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drowned,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,

From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadmus to Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with the greatest sincerity, as well as esteem,

Sir, your most faithful,
affectionate humble servant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

L E T T E R DCCC.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

London, March 6. 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing published in my time that hath been so universally well received as the Dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well assured, the greatest enemies the Dean hath in this country, allow it to be a just and beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by every thing that may raise the Dean's character as a writer, (if any thing can raise it higher), so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem hath met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday when the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the Dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner hath sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I
take

take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition, and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

No individual could resent

Where thousands equally were meant—

might be liable to some objections, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character, because several persons have been lashed by name, a Bettesworth, and in this poem Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a

satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolston's tracts the twelfth edition, &c.
are plainly a mistake, and were omitted for that reason only: For Wolston never had a pension; on the contrary, he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called, "The religion of Nature delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late Queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,

I wish it soon may have a better——

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a better what?—There seems to be what the grammarians call an antecedent wanting for that word; for neither kingdom or debtor will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that hath ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: He is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a
great

great genius.—I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which, however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

L E T T E R DCCCL.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO MRS
WITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *London, April 5. 1739.*

I AM indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me, when I assure you that my silence hath not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to any body, much less to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance, and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The Dean's recommendation and your's, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr M'Aulay, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I

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should

should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I have lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the Lord Lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr Swift * to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air — his own merit intitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you, that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the Dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, Madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R DCCCII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, April 10. 1739.

IT is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr Alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do

* William Swift, Esq; then a student at the Middle Temple.

do any thing he can think of that can shew his respect and affection, made a present to the university of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jarvis, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personage this island hath produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after consulting with Lord Bolingbroke, the vice-chancellor, and Mr Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is inclosed. The Alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vice-chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction, wherein there is most honourable mention of the Dean of St Patricks on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening-Post upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expence of the Chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanry; Alderman Barber took the hint, and caused what you see in the London Evening-Post of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time: But I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to shew the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs Whiteway, and Mr M'Aulay, can inform
you

you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommend him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home : But wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs Whiteway.

L E T T E R DCCCIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, April 17. 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by Alderman Barber's direction. Besides a letter from you to the society, whose address is in Mrs Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr Dunkin to the society will be of use; and if you write to Mr Pope, the Alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear Sir, your most

most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squires's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

L E T T E R DCCCIV.

DR DUNKIN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

April 25. 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy Dean of St Patrick, I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the Dean of St Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and
that

that he, who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person, I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern, and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I intreat you, dear Madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

L E T T E R DCCC.V.

DR SWIFT TO MR POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, April 28. 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection; and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion

bellion against King Charles I. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift *, because his great-grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane; who, having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any in his family. He was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford; where Dr King, principal of St Mary-Hall, assured me, that Mr Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit. He hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master, equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted, and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Russicus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates here; of which Mr
Deane

* Author of "An essay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift," published in 1755.

Deane Swift hath a good share but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.

I am,

My dearest friend,

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCCVI.

TO MR POPE.

May 10. 1739. at a conjecture.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr Lyttelton, whom you call the rising genius of this age. His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even among us. I find he is secretary to the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Highness hath been, for several years, chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude

prelude to a request I am going to make you. There is in this city one Alexander M^cAulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the House of Hanover; and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his Highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr M^cAulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr Coghill, a Civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: And, as his Royal Highness continues still Chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured by your good-will, and Mr Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr Lamb; he hath at present but half a vicarship: The value of it is not quite 50*l.* *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I out-live any one vicar-choral, Mr Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: And I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

LETTER DCCCVII.

MR SECRETARY L—— * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, May 16. 1738.

I CANNOT let Mr Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr Lamb. I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. L——.

LETTER

* Now Lord L——.

L E T T E R DCCCVIII.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR,

May 17. 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters, to testify it to you, miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I proluxly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainebleau at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law, being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is Abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate

fionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the History of his Times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interest of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your History of the Queen's last Years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr Jervas, who went to Rome and
Naples

Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr Arbuthnott's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr Lyttleton for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * Prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden.

S 3

The

* His late Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Dutchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones, experience too often proves not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polworth*, a Mr Murray†, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call the Dialogue of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the

authors

* 'Now Earl of Marchmont.'

† The present Lord Chief Justice.

authors who dive in Fleetditch, immediately after Arnall, verse 300, add these:

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back *;
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone;
And needful Paxton† tells the world with tears,
These are, ah! no; these were my Gazetteers.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head-achs, worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient

* They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr Pope MS Note. These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. Dunciad, Dr Warb. edit.

† A soliciter, who procured and paid these writers. Mr Pope's MS. Note. 'the line is now changed;
And monumental brass this record bears;
These are, &c.'

ficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend and your's; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr Pulteney has no country-seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went some years ago, with Lord Peterborow about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem, are inseparable

inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever your's.

P. S. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr King. Wherever I can find two or three that are your's, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr Swift to me: He can tell you more of me.

London, }
May 19. }

(A Second Postscript).

One of my new friends, Mr Lyttleton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him your's concerning Mr M^r Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb †. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordet*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will

* Mr Alexander M^r Aulay was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of Dublin: Mr Lyttleton was then principal secretary to his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who, as Chancellor of it, was thought by Dr Swift to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr Swift hath made Mr William Lamb one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr Lyttleton's recommendation.

will not see you, but reverence and admire you*.

LETTER DCCCIX.

TO MR LYTTLETON †.

SIR,

June 5. 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr Lamb, which deserves mine and my Chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surpris'd to see his junior in so high a station, a secretary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken. For however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the Prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You

* The letter, to which this postscript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr Deane Swift. It is dated by the editor "May 10. 1739, at a conjecture."

† Now Lord Lyttleton.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politics ; For, in a letter I writ to Mr Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman ; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the Prince, to prevail with the university to chuse him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr Tisdal, and therefore have desired his Royal Highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their Chancellor, heir of the Crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men ; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his Royal Highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light ; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both
kingdoms,

kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: But you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: And you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, Honourable Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant.

L E T T E R DCCCX.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Worcester, Aug. 4. 1739.

I HAVE just heard from town, that Mr Faulkner, your bookseller at Dublin, has, by your order, sent me over your works. When I desired Mr Swift to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleasure of owing them to your own kindness in so obliging a way. I will place them in my study next to Mr Pope's, which he too gave me himself; and can truly assure you, that, excepting that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I

I am sorry his Royal Highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend ; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their Chancellor, though he had not been Prince of Wales, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his Royal Highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship by all the services in the power of,

Sir, your most obliged,
and most obedient servant,
G. LYTTLETON.

L E T T E R DCCCXI.

DR SCOTT TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

London, Sept. 7. 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which, I am inclined to believe, you will

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answer;

answer; because it is in favour of that kingdom to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some years past, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of an human body. They are the work of a French surgeon, who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expence of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expence which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you can't favour, my next
is,

is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, heretics, schismatics of all kinds, and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared; Christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them every where consistent with themselves; and to shew that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the scriptures, so interpreted, are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths, so demonstrated, are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved, but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: So that the whole

of all true religion has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God hath set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he hath instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression; and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

L E T T E R DCCCXII.

REVEREND MR THROP TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dec. 10. 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendship you have shewn, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster — to my unfortunate and innocent brother,

ther,

ther, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the House of Commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this, is because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the House of Commons this session, to oblige —— to waive his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

Your appearing, Sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villainies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases, and and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,
ROBERT THROP.

I have written the name of the several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title-page.

L E T T E R DCCCXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Dec. 31. 1739.

IT is impossible to have health in such desperate weather; but you are worse used than
T 3 others.

others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy: for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope Deane Swift * will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever your's.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCCXIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only
in

* Then married to Mrs Harrison.

in my bed-chamber and closet, which hath also a fire. I am ever your's.

J. SWIFT.

New-year's-day, }
1739-40. }

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

L E T T E R DCCCXV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Jan. 18. 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health : It is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the inclosed letter from your beloved of ———, which I shall make you happy with. It will shew you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the inclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100 l.

It

It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that will take up your time too much. I am ever your's.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCCCXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Feb. 3. 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, hath made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort; but your kind letter hath raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method. I am ever, dear Madam, entirely your's.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R DCCCXVII.

R——T N——, ESQ* ; TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Bath, April 2. 1740.

I HAD not, until very lately, an opportunity of letting Mr Pope know his obligations to you ; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week ; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, Madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr and Mrs Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture †, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr Bindon ‡ know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr Pope.

L E T T E R

* Now Lord C——.

† Of Dr Swift.

‡ The greatest painter of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil about sixteen or eighteen years ago ; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died within these three years.

LETTER DCCCXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

April 29. 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am, and have been this two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Dr Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever entirely your's, &c.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCCXIX.

MRS WHITEWAY TO ALEXANDER POPE,
ESQ;

SIR,

May 16. 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of St Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of your's to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he hath to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted, except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, hath so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four last
Years

Years of Queen Anne's reign, I suppose you have seen with Dr King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the Doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I intreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only designed for yourself: 'To the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starveling wits, cause of triumph. I inclose this to Alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than it's being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering womens letters, may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute, to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought

a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendship to the Prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr Swift, who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter: He desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

L E T T E R DCCCXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 3. 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Stropford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your physic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings *, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have

* Sixteen Lords of the regency, the King being abroad.

have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under Lord Cathcart * is intended to be sent any where ; and yet every minister we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary ; Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace ; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics ; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster-school on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat.

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque Celer :*

U 2

Dum

† Against Carthage. It went, and miscarried.

*Dum lepidò indulges Rifu, et mutaris in Horas,
 Quo nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit ;
 Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaries et Astris,
 Filæque pro libitu Patrigiana secas.
 Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula promiss,
 Gentisque Æquoreas, aeriæsq ; creas.
 Seu plausum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
 Seu levis a vacuo Fabula sumpta cado.
 Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magister,
 Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque sapit.
 Socraticæ minor est vis, et Sapientia Charta,
 Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am most faithfully and sincerely,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

L E T T E R DCCCXXI.

MR POPE TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Twickenham, June 18. 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the Dean, though a much less useful one: for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, your's in good works. He has had

had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, Madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me, I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr McAulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of shewing Mr Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, Madam, prevent any thing after his death which may any-way depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given Dr King.

You see, Madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit.

I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the least compliment: And it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, Madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

L E T T E R DCCCXXII

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under, both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days, your's entirely.

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,

July 26. 1740.

If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCCXXIII.

THE EARL OF O—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Caledon, Dec. 17. 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am desired to recommend to you one James Colgan *, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let Faulkner give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, — commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present Lady O——'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R

* One of the vicars-choral of Christ-Church and St Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.

L E T T E R DCCCXXIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

January 13. 1740-41.

YOUR son*, who was with me yesterday, and staid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief, I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCCCXXV.

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

Duke-street, Westminster, July 7. 1741.

THANKS to you, dear Sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron Mr George Faulkner: Thanks to you
for

* Mr Swift.

for the honours you have shewed my wife ; but above all, thanks to you for using exercise, and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr Pope : He obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me : *Nec deficit alter aureus* ; Dr King does the same. Thus deities condescend to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor Lord Oxford is gone to these regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William ; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames to Troy. The deceased Earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money : His Lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wisdom : And there will still remain, after proper sales and right management, five thousand pounds a-year for his widow.

Mr Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, altho' she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua se bona norint*.

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to Queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France : Posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The Duke of Argyle reigns or ought to reign in Scotland.——Such is the state of Europe ; but
our

our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geese in the Park cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of Whitehall.

——— What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

L E T T E R DCCCXXVI.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ;

SIR,

Marston, Dec. 3. 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horror, that on this late occasion have

have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were. I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eye-lid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest, I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befall him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to shew him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy hatred, and malice have no influence or power. Whilst he continues to breathe, he is an example stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain-glory. Good God! Dr Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson. But he is not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A
batchelor

batchelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs Ridgeway: The rest—but I shall run on for ever; and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy state.

L E T T E R DCCCXXVII.

LORD HYDE TO DAVID MALLETT, ESQ;

Paris, March, 7. N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from England, Sir, that Lord Bolingbroke has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds

* His Lordship died 15th December 1757. Lord Hyde having heard at Paris of Lord Bolingbroke's legacy of all

deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great Lord Bacon; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardain to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world; and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the History of the great Transaction of Europe from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of Lord Bolingbroke. He will probably have told you, that those let-

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ters

all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr Mallet, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the Widow Mallet, with the manuscript of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical works to the British Museum, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them.'

ters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr Pope, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off by a private press some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr Pope kept, and sent another to Lord Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr Murray, and Mr Lyttelton, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which Lord Bolingbroke himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to Lord Bolingbroke, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularly. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that, for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

■ The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior

perior minds are the least indifferent, both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord Bolingbroke's mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of religion particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say, (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in mens minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only

of those I have mentioned, (except, as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation), I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see, that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raise new storms to his memory.

I am, Sir,

your very humble servant,

HYDE.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCCXXXVIII.

DAVID MALLET, ESQ; TO LORD HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your Lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your Lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my Lord Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your Lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant

some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve.

I am, with great respect,

my Lord, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

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UNCERTAIN DATE.

LETTER I.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT.

Indorsed '1712, I suppose.' Clusden, Monday.

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I fear'd Mr Collier was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wish'd he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any convenience to bring you hither to Mrs Ramsay and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your sincere humble servants,

E. ORKNEY.

ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We design to be at Windsor on Wednesday, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

LETTER

LETTER II.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT.

Monday morning. Indorsed '1712, I believe.'

I AM sure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been so cross to you) to have known Mr Lewis and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when 'tis most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely,

Sir, your humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, what does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my Lord Treasurer does a petition.

LETTER III.

LORD POULETT TO DR SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon. Indorsed 'Lord Steward, 1713.'

I WAS called away presently after chapel, upon some business, which hindered my going up stairs at St James's, and occasions Dr Swift the trouble

trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you ; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself,

Sir, your most faithful humble servant,
POULETT.

L E T T E R IV.

MR LEWIS TO DR SWIFT.

Indorsed ' 1714, Mr Lewis.'

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon ; in the mean time I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of your enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by which the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the Earl of Strafford and Mr Prior : However, for greater caution, this is sent you by ———.

LETTER

LETTER V.

LADY M—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Indorsed 'Feb. 1723-4.'

'TIS impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed, now I can shew it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome, and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. M——.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

LORD PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT.

Saturday Evening. Indorsed '1726. in summer.'

O N E of your Irish heroes, that, from the extremity of our English land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parsons-green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate servant,
PETERBOROW.

L E T T E R VII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD ARRAN.

MY LORD,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your Lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your Lordship. Those rectorial tythes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters patents from King Charles II. with the perfect knowledge

knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your Lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present Grace the Duke your brother, (whom God long preserve). But your Lordship's present agent, being extremely vigilant of all your Lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce with one hundred pounds a-year, out of which, a curate-assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My Lord, your Lordship's family hath been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions, nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a-year, made up of very small pittances, collected from a number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting

Mr

Mr Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth, (as I have already observed), and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your Lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the Duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his Grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his Grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your Lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about Clonmel to Mr Moore and his successors in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a-year, and that, with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO DR SWIFT.

Indorsed, ' Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR Pope m'a fait grand plaisir, Monsieur, de m'assurer que votre sante est bonne ; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous, habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grandsoin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plu, car Je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en France, tirée soit disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables : Mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en met tant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au public. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy : mais Je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir.

Adieu,

Adieu, Monsieur, portez vous bien et nous serons content. Je ne m'aviseray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je suis étrangere de plus en plus, et Je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où Je pourrois vivre avec vous.

L E T T E R IX.

DUTCHESS OF HAMILTON TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Wednesday.

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I would have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago, to.

Your real friend and humble servant,
E. HAMILTON.

LETTER X.

DUKE OF WHARTON TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Moleſworth on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your answer, and believe me ſincerely

Your faithful friend and ſervant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

LETTER XI.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Friday, 16.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Mr de Morville, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for Mr de Maiſons, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In caſe you reſolve to go
by

by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble

obedient faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

L E T T E R XII.

Monsieur VOLTAIRE au Comte de MORVILLE,
Ministre et Secrétaire d'Etat a Versailles.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'icy d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe ; mais il n'est pas permis a un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que Je le suis, de demeurer plus

Y 3

long

long temps sans vous faire ses sinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le celebre Monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous presenter une de mes lettres. Je sai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui luy sont attribuez. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, Monseigneur, de discerner les beautez d'un original a travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne serez pas faché de diner avec Monsieur Swift et Monsieur le president Henaut. Et Je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincere attachement a votre personne, la liberte que Je prens de vous presenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie avec un profond respect et un attachement remply de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre tres humble

et tres obeissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH *.

August 1. 1714.

WHO told you I was going to Bath? No such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for Ireland, but poor Lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to Wimple (his son's house) and so go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me: He knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town, and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him, when he was out; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults,

* Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, whom the Dean celebrated by the name of Vanessa. For an account of this Lady, and her epistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his life prefixed to Bathurst's edition of his works.

faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive: He distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

L E T T E R XIV.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH*.

Aug. 12. 1714.

I HAD your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, that she was very uneasy on account of her mother's debts, who died 1714; fearing that when the year was out, she would be obliged to satisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, "You can pay only what you receive, you are answerable for no more." He tells her, that if she wants to borrow money, she may send to Mr Barber or Ben. Tooke, which she pleases, and let them know, that whatever sum she wants he will stand bound for.

must be passed through: But it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million: Nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

L E T T E R XV.

PART OF A LETTER OF VANESSA'S FROM
DUBLIN, IN 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will, for once, counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVI.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing killing words of your's. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: And beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would

would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live *.

L E T T E R XVII.

DR SWIFT TO VANESEA.

May 12. 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Francoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections ; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées ; il est honteux pour moy de ne scarvoir que le gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien a redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'elegance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous repondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy ; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout

* A letter from Dr Swift, dated Philipstown, Nov. 5. 1714, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from Trim, when Miss Vanhomrigh's servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at Kildrohid, and would go to town on the Monday following, to her lodging in Turnstile-Alley. He concludes thus : " I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, Je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame ; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que J'ay l'honneur de vous connoitre, J'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a échappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et Je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles : La coquetric l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que Je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en les entendant, Je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces miserables. Quelle calamité de faire mepriser au tans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables : mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire adieu : avec tout le respect, la sincerité, et l'estime du monde Je, suis et seray toujours.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature is such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you; yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separa-

tion will ever change my sentiments : for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not. Tell it so that it may cause my present death ; and do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R X I X .

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so late ? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly ; for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment : because I love frankness extremely. I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you ; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have a recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does.

does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? For when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T T E R XX.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: Send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: But you

are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master ——— and I visited you; and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: And that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXII.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of —— who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to

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heaven:

heaven: But that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present every where: Your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: At other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

L E T T E R XXIII.

Part of an answer from CADENUS TO VANESSA *.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin † meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since

* This letter has no date; but it must have been written in the life-time of Miss Mary Vanhomrigh, Vanessa's sister, who died in 1717, because she is desired to mind her nurse-keeping.

† Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the gover nor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: Do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29. by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: And I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke — signifies every thing that may be said to Cad — at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by Cad — should be difficult to Skinage.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

October 15. 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter, for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners, and afternoons, and evenings, are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen, as far as I can: So that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided; And so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says,

says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either Job or Satan says so, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South-sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

L E T T E R XXV.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5. 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus ——— assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end

end of his life; but, at the same time, intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools and impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make Cad—— and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez es- surée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, odorée par votre ami que vous.* I have

have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: There is none worth drinking but your's, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVI.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Clogher, June the 1st, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad, that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete-a-tete*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law-suit and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: And remember the china in the old house, and Rider-street, and the Colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts

thoughts were still the same.—*Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez.* Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVII.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13. 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question, at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: There is a pleasure in being
reverenced;

reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it, while you continue to be splenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a-week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 7. 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies a-sleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is

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it among the groves and fields of your country-seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

L E T T E R XXIX.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, *Gallstown, Sept. 14. 1721.*

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I believe I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite

spite of a broken skin, and falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Litchfield man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christ-church preferment? I doubt Mrs Brent will be at a loss about her industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey-list in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs Worrall, I wonder how you and she and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever.—Desire Mrs Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs Worrall does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that

their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs Brent, that, if Loyd agrees, I will be glad one of his hogheads was left unrack'd.

LETTER XXX.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Quilca, July the 12th 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, (except this last quarter), and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr Pratt hath acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you,
but

but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. — All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds. I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan, the critic, says the cocks, are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs Johnston says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the ——— from the wall-fruit *. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new-dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sherriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs Johnston's money,

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and

* In Naboth's Vineyard.

and she thanks you for your care ; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney ; for all money-matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather ; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well ; but Mrs Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day ; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs Worrall, and so do I, and I am ever

Your's, &c.

Joe, who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused ; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanry-house, Mrs Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs Brent to have ready a hoghead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Joe may have them ; I mean out of those boxes which
he

he is to leave at the deanry for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

L E T T E R XXXI.

DR SWIFT TO the REV. MR WORRALL.

In Ship-street, Quilca, Aug. 27. 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr Webb, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristow beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness hath left me above three weeks,
and

and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city-lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar than a country-palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, towards the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough; and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning
of

of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXXII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. the 31st, 1725.

I HAVE your's of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan, will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs Worrall. Mrs Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Joe Beaumont four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When Joe brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRAL.

London, April 16. 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr Medlicot will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs Worrall and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXXIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Aug. 15. 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but however, if I am not with you by the second of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come, but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do, and pray hinder Dr Sheridan from writing to you any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R

LETTER XXXV.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 4. 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 13. 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my
deafness

deafness is not so extreme as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall.

I send you inclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer*; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report; and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not; and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am your's,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXVII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 18. 1728-9.

I HAVE your's of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and I am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: We have been told my Lord Mart-cassell is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and fourpence; it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an inn-keeper in Loughborow, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother

ther died, and left all that she had to her daughter afore said, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Ann by name. This Ann, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from London, to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one Perkins, inn-keeper, at the George in Lough-borow, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to let me know, that her daughter, Ann Giles, married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband Giles is dead) hath a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England; and Mrs Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs Brent, (whose name she hath learned), and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me,

make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and fourpence. But I am in much doubt; for, by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, alias Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is Ann Giles, she lodges at one Mrs Wilmot's, the first house in Moleworth-court, on the right hand, in Fishamble-street. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this Ann Giles, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, alias Perkins, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it, I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr Hyde; there are some accounts

counts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr Motte may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr Hyde's house, and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire likewise that you will make Mrs Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir Arthur Acheson's house in Capel-street, and desire her to deliver it to Captain Creighton, who lodges at the Pyed Horse, in Capel-street, and is to bring down other things to my Lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs Worrall, Mrs Dingley, and love to Mrs Brent.

I wish you all a happy new-year.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ;

SIR,

Dublin, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your wel-

B b 3

fare;

fare, but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir Peter Lilly's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: And if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world: For she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your Lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr Hatch † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at Moor-Park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those
words,

* Picture of Lady Giffard, sister of Sir William Temple.

† Mr Hatch of Dublin was agent for Mr Temple's affairs in Ireland, as well as for the estate of his brother Henry Lord Palmerstown, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

words, *factum nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: But I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an Irish title, (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather), and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my Lord Castledurrow, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your Lady *, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble faithful servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* Mr Temple's Lady was grand-daughter of Sir William Temple, by his only son, who died young. She was co-heiress with Dorothy, wife of Nicholas Brown, of Shrublandhall in Suffolk, Esq;

LETTER XXXIX.

TO DR SHERIDAN *, ON A LITERALIA
SCHEME OF WRITING.

SIR,

AS you are a famous instructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all useful inventions,

* Swift was naturally fond of seeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondness by his friend Dr Sheridan, who had the *catæthes scribendi* to the greatest degree, and was continually letting off squibs, rockets, and all sorts of little fire-works from the press: By which means he offended many particular persons, who, although they stood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the most peaceable, inoffensive man alive, was in a continual state of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themselves, or, in the style of Mr Bayes, often gave him 'flash for flash,' and 'often finged his feathers.' The affection between Theseus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. But the friendship that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter I drew a picture of Swift's wife, let me here give you some sketches of Swift's friend.

Dr Sheridan was a schoolmaster, and, in many instances, perfectly well adapted for that station. He was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their customs and antiquities. He had that kind of good-nature which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune, produce; and although not over strict in his
own

ventions, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary loss of time we suffer in transcribing our thoughts by dividing our words into syllables, and writing the vowels at length, which so frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet, by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our labour; besides

own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the university remarkably well grounded in all classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and cheerful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money least of all. In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himself, whenever his appetite should prompt him. Sheridan, therefore, was kept constantly within his reach: And the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was to take possession of a living in the county of Conke, which had been bestowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the present Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the story told by Swift himself, in Vol. XI. p. 320. So that here I need only tell you, that this ill-starred, good natured, improvident man, returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even banished from the castle. But still he remained a punster, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddlestick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpose, if we may give credit to the following verses, which shall serve as the conclusion to his poetical character.

With music and poetry equally blest'd,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd:

Great

besides the great loss of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess, that, in this polite and learned age of our's, many laudable attempts have been made for some remedy against this evil; partly by abbreviating words with apostrophes, and partly by lopping

Great author of poetry, music, and light,
Instructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day.
My tunes are neglected, my verse flung away.
Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo*, disdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains.
Thy manual sign he refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany† transcendently shine,
O! brighten one solo, or sonnet of mine.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request.
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and, resolving to jest,
Replied, Honest friend, I've consider'd your case,
Nor dislike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works shall continue, and here's the receipt,
On a *roundos*‡ hereafter your fiddlesticks spend,
Write verses in circles, they never shall end.

ORRERY.

See a further account of Dr Sheridan in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

* Dr Swift.

† Now Dean of Downe.—See Swift's will, Vol. XI.

‡ A song or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the first verse, and so continues in a perpetual rotation.

lopping the polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most ; as thus, 'Tis 'n't, 'tn't, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep', phiz, and many more. But alas, these are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the disease.

My scheme is much more useful and extensive: Although I confess myself not to be altogether the original inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate house, have some imperfect idea of it ; and I have seen some instances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By these examples, I have these nine years past been considering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other ; as schoolmistresses teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books ; which is in this manner : A, Be, *or* Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each, *or* Ach, I, *or* Eye, Ka, *or* Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee, *or* Pe, Qu, *or* Cue, Are, *or* Err, Efs, Tee, *or* Tea, U, *or* You, Double U, *or* Doule You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I say, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houses have already some imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The same thing also men of business are not ignorant of ; for thus three vowels shall stand, with the sum affixed, for a good promissory note, I O U 20 £.

In short, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee ; and six letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for dispatch in writing ; of which take the following

lowing specimens. But I have materials for a treatise to contract words in speaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

A LETTER TO YOUR MISTRESS.

DR in ur a but; I fīm u a dit. Ur mpr ndurus. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur agm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: Ib c h u t k a r o ur i, I c q u a r med. U r etn; ur yy. U r aprs. I c a pr b for u. I d fir ur pt, ur gnroset; ur prspquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlnes apr. Ur a qrioet Rittr nobls ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but d fis apls a pntr. I c ur but pres ur nmi.

ANOTHER LETTER IN THE LITERALIA
STYLE.

BT, ur nt; u defil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqq s u. Q p d d fi u. U r r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni! u a thr. u th a br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I sk p u. I sq u. I k tq uis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U r smbl ur ldr estr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Squir. B guptr l c ur gloc. Qep ur tmpr.

A PUNNING EPISTLE ON MONEY.

WORTHY MR PENNYFEATHER,

MADAM Johnston has been very ill used by her servants; they put shillings into her broth instead of groats, which made her stamp. I hear they had them from one Tom Ducket, a tenant of Major Noble, who, I am told, is reduced to ninepence. We are doubting whether we shall dine at the Crown or the Angel. Honest Mark Cob, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us; but 'Squire Manypenny, and Captain Sterling, desire to be excused, for they are engaged with Ned Silver to dine in Change-alley. They live in great harmony; they met altogether last week, and sat as lovingly as horses in a pound. I suppose you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was cash-erred on Wednesday. A scavenger abused me this morning; but I made him down with his dust, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs Brent had a pi-stole from her; I would a'ginny'e a good deal for such another. Mrs Dingley has made a souse for your collard eel. Alderman Coin presents his service to you. I have nothing but half pens to write with, so that you must excuse this scrawl. One of my seals fell into a chink. I am, without allay,

Your most obedient,

TOM MITE

VOL. XVIII.

C c

P. S.

P. S. Mr Cole presents his service to you, of which I am a-tester.

L E T T E R XL.

FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO
HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

De te

Fabula narratur.

SIR,

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances; which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surpris'd at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

You must know, then, that at this present time I live in a poor, little, sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and, what is worst of all, I am liable to be turn'd out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of a copyhold-tenure; and the custom of the manor is this: For the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and sometimes oftener: For twenty years after
this,

this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgment) every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing more to pay, *OUT* must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement (such as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure. But however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair.

My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers very well to the purpose it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in: However, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the

the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane *. But be that as it will, I have one snug apartment that lies on the left-side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome guest; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of,

S I R,

Your humble servant.

L E T T E R X L I.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR KENDALL, VICAR OF THORNTON IN LEICESTERSHIRE †.

S I R,

Feb. 11. 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning; which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion, since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose your's to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for selling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkesworth's, nor the Dublin edition. It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's miscellanies, printed at London in 1753.

which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years. And even then itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all this suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed; and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; infomuch, that, in these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almost all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way: And since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike.

This

This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and, I profess, without any other design, than of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worst) a harmless impertinence. But whenever I began to take sober resolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am, when I go to chuse for a wife; and think, that though the cunningest sharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him, yet it must be cleaner carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you know how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues. For though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and, I think, in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in), yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason; which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things else were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonstrations for the falsehood of the first, which, if it
be

be not impossible, I am sure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which, I assure you, is a great number), I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an ANGEL; or else they have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and so entail miseries on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot. But a thousand household-thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind, whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that. Besides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, having never heard them, but just so hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me: And I hope my carriage will be so, as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after the manner I did in Leicester, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce

pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be;
and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope
you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my
service to your good wife, I am,

Good cousin,

Your very * friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

* There seems to have been a word omitted here
through haste.

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